

The Evening World

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WHOSE ALLY IS THE CITY?

ALDERMAN WILLIAM D. BRUSH agrees with The Evening World that the City of New York cannot afford to weigh its playmate percentage on the revenues of the Fort Lee Ferry against the solid advantages to wage-earners, business men and property owners that will result from a three-cent ferry fare at this point.

In the face of overwhelming public demand for a three-cent rate the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey hopes to drive a better bargain by aligning this great municipality against the interests of its own citizens.

The city should promptly decline to be thus used. Alderman Brush will introduce a resolution in the Board next week calling upon the Corporation Counsel to explain the city's attitude. No explanation that unites New York and the Public Service Corporation across the river in an effort to keep up ferry rates at the expense of the public can be satisfactory.

If fight there must be, this city should fight on the side of the people who live in it and pay its taxes.

More Turkish batteries silenced from day to day along the Dardanelles. Anything like progressive movement is doubly inspiring in this grumbling, grinding war.

AN ECCENTRIC CONCERN.

WHAT would become of a private corporation, no two of whose executive officers could agree upon figures of expenditure or estimated expenses, and which found itself unable to convince anybody of average intelligence whether it needed \$18,000,000 or eighteen cents to get through another year?

Yet this is where the State of New York stands—a corporation of ten million shareholders.

The Governor, a man of admitted intelligence, says necessary expenses require an \$18,000,000 direct tax. Senator Baze, who knows a lot about State finances, says that not a penny of the \$18,000,000 is needed, and that the State budget makers have doubled their items and bungled their sums.

Is the State's bookkeeping so complicated that even expert accountants can't strike balances to agree within \$18,000,000? And what about the ten million stockholders—whose shares are assessable? Without taxpayers to cover the cost of all errors, where would this eccentric concern end up?

TRY A TOKUMU.

From a Tokyo newspaper we learn that the Japanese capital is experimenting with a new official, a tokumu, or one who is told off for special duty in adjusting complaints and misunderstandings arising between passengers and employees on city trams. The tokumu wears a uniform and badge and is to be found at all important crossings.

While the public and the street railway companies in this city are mutually adjusting themselves to the regulations of the Health Department about overcrowded surface cars, tokumens at Brooklyn Bridge and other busy points in Manhattan would find plenty to do. Police-men are not always on hand. Nor is the policeman's attitude toward new rules invariably one of understanding and sympathy.

Besides, people who ride on surface cars in New York constantly need a tokumu to explain the ever-exasperating limitations of our mixed-up transfer system.

KEEP UP THE STANDARD.

CHARGES that more than 3,000 dentists in New York City are practicing illegally and that agents of the State Dental Society collect graft for protecting them, have been laid before the Assembly Ways and Means Committee by the Assistant District Attorney of Queens County. The Allied Dental Council of New York appears to have gathered evidence for a sharp arraignment of the State Dental Society.

Bows between medical or allied professional organizations too often mean little and accomplish less. But dentists who hold licenses from the State have a right to protect their standing. The Legislature can hardly refuse to sift the charges.

Doctors and school authorities warn us that the teeth of this and of the rising generation show more and more evidence of neglect. The more reason to maintain, for the sake of the public health, standards of dentistry in which this country already leads the world.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

It is a fact that a lot of men who never found the key to Success have found their way through by picking up the lock—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A man who snatches a woman's purse risks his freedom for carfare and a powder rag—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

We never heard of an influence that drove a man to drink working at a still eight-hour day at it—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Michigan Judge sentenced a man

to wash dishes for six months. Not severe punishment for a man, but it is right angles to the direction of the hare. How far has the hound travelled when he overtakes the hare and how far has the hare travelled?

R. E. J. R.

Compound Interest.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Clever readers: "A hound starts a hare which is a certain distance away; the hare starts to run and travels in the path of a straight line at right angles to the direction of the hound; the hound starts at the same time and runs always in the direction of the hare at a speed of a certain number of times the speed of the hare. How far has the hound travelled when he overtakes the hare and how far has the hare travelled?"

R. E. J. R.

Letters From the People

"How Far?"
You published the following problem: "A and B start from the same point and travel in the same direction around a square, each side of which measures five miles. A travels at the rate of 4 miles an hour and B at the rate of 3 miles an hour. In how many miles will they be together?"

Can You Beat It?

By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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THIS is a good scheme, isn't it?" said Jenkins, the book-keeper, holding up a somewhat dingy envelope that had a printed address with inked lines through it and a written address above that.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Jarr, coming over beside Jenkins.

"Why, you know all these book publishers, investment brokers and other people after your money who send you stamped and addressed envelopes for reply—generally one of those stamped envelopes the Government sells that you can't soak the stamp off because it's part of the envelope?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Jarr. "I got 'em, too."

"Well, I just run a thick ink line through the printed address and write the address of somebody I am corresponding with over it, and so get the use of the stamp. Pretty cute, eh?"

"Anything so ugly done for two cents is pretty cute, not pretty cute," said Mr. Jarr disdainfully. "What'll your correspondent think of such a sloppy affair?"

"Oh, that doesn't matter," said Jenkins with a laugh. "It's only to my wife. She's visiting her folks down South and I'm sending her a money order."

"Your wife?" said Mr. Jarr in surprise.

"Sure!" said Jenkins. "She won't mind. It has a money order in it, and that's all she cares for."

"Look here, Jenkins," said Mr. Jarr. "Far be it from me to pry into your private affairs, but isn't your wife away with her folks because there is—or a little difference of opinion between you?"

"Well, it's all her fault!" snapped Jenkins. "Jarr, you got a wife among a thousand. She never finds fault with every little thing you do. If you had a crank to put up with like I have! Every little thing I do she—"

"Would you have sent her a letter like that, looking like that, to save two cents, before you were married?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"I might have," said Jenkins, doggedly. "It was never one of those guys that put on style for anybody."

"Oh, I know all about it," said Mr. Jarr. "These things mean a great deal to a woman. Is there any reason you shouldn't take her home a box of roses to get her ahead of you on her birthday, or ask her why she doesn't get a new hat that you know would be becoming to her?"

"That's the use of chasing a street

Mr. Jarr Plays Good Samaritan, But It Will Not Happen Again

crying at your cell door and swearing it was all a conspiracy? And who would stick to you and not believe a word throughout it all?"

"Why, Betsy would! She's a trump!" said Jenkins enthusiastically. "But the little things—"

"Aw, get out! You're the little man in the little things," said Mr. Jarr. "You tear up that dirty old envelope and write her a nice letter."

"I won't do anything of the kind!" said Jenkins. "I'm going to wire her a hundred and say, 'Please come back first train' and that I love her. You mind your own business!"

When Mr. Jarr arrived home, glowing with the consciousness of a good deed, he remarked how pretty some plants looked in a window across the way, and Mrs. Jarr sighed and said:

"Yes, some husbands remember their wives once in a while, and with the women it's the little things that count."

So Wags the World.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

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ONE of those lounging, trying-to-look-world-weary blades who at this season are snapped at on Palm Beach reminds us in the least of a Chambers or Oppenheim "hero." (Which, when you come to think of it, is one reason they possess for self-gratification, after all.)

After a good many years of somewhat privileged prowling around in artists' studios and more or less casual inspection of feminine modes during their posing hours, we hereby claim that when Rodin the sculptor says there is one woman model in the world who has attractive-looking feet he must have been using a little canna-bis indica, which the same be has-heesh.

Just how old must a woman be before she finally abandons the belief that the subway cars are fairly stuffed with impudent youth about to drench who try with all their might and main to flirt with her?

We are acquainted with at least five or six persons who won't experience the least sense of loss if they never hear of the Argentine Forest again as long as they live and breathe.

The Belgians starve, and America answers their call. The Poles are anguished, and New York chips in with the rest of this land to feed them. The Serbs need food, and the great American cities hear their cry and are there when the hat goes around. And a woman in New York (with a perfectly good American name, a worthless husband who has deserted her and four hungry children) wheels a baby carriage around the streets of New York for two days, without food for herself or her children, before the good-hearted cops at the police station to which she is taken hand around the helmet and feed her and her young ones.

There are times when we really wonder if both Kitchener and the Kaiser don't overdo that heavy snow stuff when they get themselves photographed.

We rarely see a picture of "the most beautiful royal princess in Europe" that we don't experience a poignant sense of pity for the other royal princesses of Europe.

Yes, we are fully acquainted with the fact that we are an Abnormal Brute because we persist in believing that a dear little angel child who looks like her mother repeatedly in the shining eyes to have marriage treatment, and not merely be approached as a playmate.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon
By Helen Rowland

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MY Daughter, be not deceived by false signs, for the man who leads thee to the altar is NOT the man who leads thee away therefrom, and the lover whom thou understandest to-day shall be a TOTAL STRANGER unto thee upon the day after the wedding.

Now, there dwelt two youths in Babylon, and one of them was called "Slow" and the other was called "Gayboy."

And in all the days of his life Slow had done no single thing which he could not tell his mother, for he was SUCH a "steady and worthy young man."

But of the Wild Oats which Gayboy had sown there were many seeds between the Battery and Harlem, and the Town was crimson with his painting.

Behold, it came to pass that at an early age Slow fell in love with a "Nice Girl," and was quickly corralled, for he said in his heart:

"Now I shall marry and really begin to LIVE!"

But when the wedding presents had all been exchanged and Slow had sat beside the fire with his wife for seventy times seven evenings he began to grow exceedingly weary and to wonder what he had "missed."

And thereupon he took his hat and coat and departed, saying: "I will go unto the corner for a cigar."

And he wandered unto many corners and returned by a signpost with the coming of the milkman.

And thereafter the tango places claimed him for their own, and the sirens of Broadway cast their spell over him and taught him how to spend his money. Yes, all his days were merry and all his nights were dances.

And his wife wept salt tears and tore her hair in sorrow and disappointment.

But Gayboy dodged the matchmakers for many seasons, and not until a Fluffy Thing had blindfolded him and dragged him to the altar against his will was he conquered.

And upon the wedding day six ushers were required to get him to church and HOLD him there.

Yet, when the ceremony was over Gayboy smiled happily and expressed his delight at being "settled."

And thereupon he went forth and bought a briar pipe and a pair of carpet slippers and returned unto the hearthstone satisfied.

And when six months had passed his friends knew him not when they passed him on the Highway, for his clothes were no longer pressed and shining and he wore low collars and neckties of a sober pattern and hose of little thread and of cotton.

Lo, when they invited him unto the tavern for mirth and refreshment he waved them aside, saying:

"Nay, nay? I have CUT that out, for I am a Married Man!"

And HIS wife, likewise, wept and tore her hair. For she had not married for REST, but for amusement and diversion and a congenial dancing partner and a continuous round of tango teas.

But Gayboy sat always at home and went to sleep over his newspaper.

Verily, verily, marriage is the alchemy which turneth a Black Sheep into Mary's Little Lamb, a Fireside Companion into a Rouser, a Fool into a Wise Man, a Grub into a Butterfly and a Slave into a Sultan.

Selah.

Little Talks About Lent.

The Golden Rose.
THE historic ceremony of blessing the Golden Rose by the Pope dates back at least to 1049, under the pontificate of Leo IX., and takes place annually on the fourth Sunday in Lent. The ornament is usually a flower of gold, and is a special favor to some Catholic sovereign, male or female, or to some Catholic personage distinguished either as a church member or in the community. The prayer of blessing contains a mystic allusion to the Lord as "the flower of the field and the lily of the valleys."

The Golden Rose was originally a single flower of wrought gold, but later its petals were adorned with gems and still later was adopted the form of a branch bearing leaves and buds, thorns and a full blown rose at the top, all of pure gold. It is put in a pot bearing the arms and name of the Pope who blesses and bestows the gift.

On the day it is blessed the Golden Rose is anointed with balsam, fumigated with incense, sprinkled with dust and then left upon the altar until the conclusion of the Mass.

There is an old superstition that the Golden Rose brings ill luck to its owner. Johanna, the first Rose Queen, was destroyed and strangled. King Bomba's wife, the Queen of Naples; the Empress Josephine, Queen Isabella of Spain, and others have been similarly afflicted.

Donna Isabella of Brazil was honored with the Rose in 1889 and almost immediately thereafter Donna Pedro was dethroned, and she was no longer heiress to a scepter.

My Wife's Husband

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER XVI.

ONE day upon my return from a round of visits I was greeted by Jane, my wife, with a very anxious face.

"Something is wrong with John," she said tersely as I came into the living room, where she sat, the boy on her lap.

"Why—what?"

"Never mind asking questions. Do something for him," she interrupted.

"He has been fretful and cross all day, but since o'clock he has been so quiet and feverish I tried to find you, but of course you had time for every one except your own family," with unusual earnestness, which I did not notice, laying it to her anxiety over the boy.

As Jane had said, the little chap was feverish, and I at once became almost as alarmed as was Jane. He had been so thoroughly healthy that his sickness came as a surprise.

After giving him some simple remedies I tried to induce Jane (whom I could see was terribly uneasy and anxious) to go to bed and leave the baby in my care. But to all my urging she only shook her head. Finally, I prevailed upon her to leave him alone, saying to put on a loose gown and make herself more comfortable.

As she placed him in his arms she said:

"If he dies, I shall die too," and looking at me with wide, frightened eyes, she left the room before I could reply.

We were both very fond and proud of the little chap. He was very manly, and seldom if ever cried, no matter how badly he hurt himself.

Always after a fall or a bump he would say: "I'm a brave soldier!" and wink away the tears.

Jane soon returned, and finding that John was better, she related to me what had happened. So now that he was all right again I took up my newspaper, spending more time than before at the office over my books, and at the hospital, studying fractures, etc. Then I also attended the clinics in the adjoining town, which took me from home two or three times a week. Woodford had a fairly good reputation, and I had been called in several times to assist in some delicate operation.

All these things naturally left Jane more and more alone and there was no one to help her. She was a very capable woman, but she had made a few friends in the town, who were naturally conservative and much alone, the Humberg being the only people with whom she was at all intimate.

One day, when I was out, she was sitting alone, and she was very lonely. She was thinking of the old days, when she was a girl, and she was very happy. She was thinking of the old days, when she was a girl, and she was very happy.